

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

J. M. SWETNAM, Publisher.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Post-Dispatch says Giteau was the crank to Conk's machine.

As a business and mercantile center Kirksville, has or will soon, have exhausted her possibilities. Her future seems, if she has any, must be in the direction of manufacturing industries. Business men should keep thinking of this till some action is taken.

A petition representing thirty thousand names has been presented to the Georgia legislature asking that a proposition for prohibition be submitted to the people at the next election. The temperance movement seems to have made great progress in the South recently.

The Tropic wave has reached England as well as this country. The people there are so little accustomed to clear sunshine that it is having an extensive effect. A number of riflemen engaged in the shooting tournament at Wimbledon were overcome with heat on Friday.

We suppose Senator Conkling and 31 stalwart members of the New York legislature feel that they have gained a great victory by preventing the 71 republicans from electing two U. S. Senators to fill the vacancies made by the disgraceful resignation of Conkling and Platt, they are welcome to all the glory their course in this matter may bring them.

The GRAPHIC, in reply to the insinuations of the Democrat would say that it has but one hand out of its seven slow enough to pit against the Democrat composers, and he is the new Devil who has only been at work two weeks. Enough matters put into type in the GRAPHIC office each week to make three issues of the Democrat, and in addition last week we turned out nearly fifty dollars worth of job work. Don't understand us to be bragging for this is the dull season when work is a little slack. Hard work is an excellent antidote remedy, and would do the Democrat typos good if they would try it. But they are not likely to get the chance in that sleepy old concern.

The cotton returns to the Agricultural Department, July, show an increase in the condition of cotton since the report of June. The average condition is 95 against 100 same time last year. The plant is generally reported small and ten days late. The hot and too dry weather is almost universal but except in southern and western Texas no injury is reported. Alabama and Georgia both report a better condition than last year, while Texas and Arkansas are lower. Insect injuries are seldom mentioned.

The condition of wheat as reported July 1, is much better than June 1, and averages 83 for the whole country. The Atlantic states fall off slightly as compared with returns for the same time last year, but the large wheat region north of the Ohio river and west of the Mississippi return a low condition compared with 1880. Michigan reports only sixty-four per cent and Illinois sixty. Ohio and Indiana are below last year but report a fair prospect. Missouri and Kansas each make great complaint of damage from insects. In the spring wheat states Iowa alone returns a condition much lower than last year and which is only 72.

The increase of area planted in corn is nearly 2 per cent over 1880. The average condition of the crop is not so high as the last two years and is 90 against 100 last year. In all the North Atlantic States the crop is backward owing to the cold wet spring, but in the States south of Delaware river and on the Gulf of Mexico it is reported fair. Texas however, reports serious injury from drought. In the great corn producing regions bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers the average is below last year, particularly in the State of Iowa which only reports a condition of 1877 caused by the cold spring and too much rain in June. In Illinois and Missouri the condition reported is very favorable.

During Postmaster-General Key's term he received a complaint that some information, written on a postal card to an attorney in a suit then pending, had been read by the postmaster of the town in which the attorney had lived, and by him been communicated to the opponent. The Postmaster-General promulgated a regulation forbidding all persons employed in the postal service to read the contents of postal cards. The regulation is still in force. The law prescribes a penalty of not less than \$100 or more than \$1,000 for each case of disobedience of department regulations. Of course this rule cannot be enforced unless the party in violation tells what he has read, but therein lies the harm. It really amounts to nothing so far as the reading is concerned, but the communication of it may be expensive fun.—Exchange.

SCISSOR GRAPHICS.

Spirits are composed of—Well, gnome matter.

Sitting Bull is on his second annual surrendering tour.

With fly time comes flight time—to ward the cooler resorts.

The sun of ingratitude often sours the milk of human kindness.

The man who had an elephant on his hands has had them amputated.

A South End maiden wants to know how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions, sis.

A Kansas cyclone blew a man bald-headed. The wiz was a new one, and is a total loss.

It rains so hard in some portions of California that the fish scot under the rocks to keep dry.

A negro aged 110 has just been married in Georgia, and the papers are wishing him a long and happy life.

A look of abstraction and a wart on the chin was the costume worn by a Pite squaw at a recent fandango.

Great men often possess the same peculiarities. Gen. Sherman and Dr. Mary Walker both snore and eat onions.

A Hartford lunatic imagines he is Buffalo Bill and runs like the mischief every time "Indians" is yelled at him.

A Detroit poet has written a 20 line poem on "My Grandfather's Hat." It is a very verse-a-like production.

Green cucumbers are not connected with any secret society, but they can teach you many grips and signals.

Mr. Sleeper and Miss Drowsy were married in Montgomery last week. The union no doubt will prove a nappy one.

"Honesty is the best policy." But you have to pay the premiums in this world and realize on your insurance in the next.

"I was taken out by a young lady friend the other evening," said Jones. "Is that so?" said Smith, "you are generally taken in."

Appropos of the Jeannette search it may be well to remark that the pole hunters are becoming just as difficult of discovery as the pole.

There was a young man from the Mission. Who said that so many of his friends. He said that so many of his friends. He said that so many of his friends.

"I have remained single from choice," said Miss Neverwed. "Indeed," exclaimed Bogs, "whose choice pray?"

Which was certainly unkind in Bogs. The unkindest cut of all was when she told him, "John, I love you for your generosity, respect you for your intelligence and admire you for your persistence, but I am engaged to Bill Jones and we must part."

An exchange says: "A block of ice melted in Charles Barine's ice-chest at Connersville, Ind., was found to contain a frog weighing a quarter of a pound and in good health." That is a good cool frog story.

An exchange speaks of a new fashion in suit for girls, but a stroll along some of our streets in the soft summer twilight will convince any one that the old gate yet has a tenacious grip on public favor.

A farmer's daughter in the interior was told by a fortune teller that she would marry a rich stranger and now every time she sees a cloud of dust up the road she takes out her crimps and puts on a winning, sweet look.

Eat green corn as if you were playing on a flute.—[Texas Siftings.] And along in the dim and silent watches of the night your neighbors will think you are playing on a steam clarionette with bagpipe attachments.

It is now announced that Gen. Grant will become an editor. The General is determined to keep right along until he reaches the highest point of honor attainable by mortal man. But to succeed he must write more and talk less.

Or-eyed daisies are grown in pots and sold by our city florists.—[New York Herald.] This should be encouraged. The flower out here is a pesky weed called "white-top," warranted to destroy a meadow in one season.—[Cincinnati Commercial.]

There was joy on the farm when Ben, the oldest boy, came back from college in his sophomore year, and the village was proud of him. "Cheese it, cull," he said, when he met an old friend, the son of a neighbor who joined farms with his father; "cheese it, cull," shove us your flipper, clench ladles, parry. How his nibs, and what's the new racket?" "It was best worth more'n twice the money to hear Ben rattle off Greek jest like a livin' language."

At a fourth of July celebration in a live western town last week Bourbonism was illustrated in the procession by an old moss-back and his family in an old rickety wagon, drawn by an old spavined horse and a muley cow with rope harness, while the general appearance of the whole outfit was in keeping with the non-progressive ideas of that Bourbonism which objects to new ideas, new energy and new people coming into the state.

Newspaper published in the land of the freer are peculiar. The City of Mexico, with its illiterate population, has about a dozen dailies, every one of which is subsidized by the Government and managed according to the rules of the fathers. They are printed at noon of the day preceding their date and delivery, and when congress is in session in the city it takes two days for them to get the reports of proceeding before the public. News-giving is not a specialty with them. An attempt was recently made to get eight of the dozen papers to combine and pay \$50 a month each for telegrams, but it failed. The publishers could wait until news came in the good old-fashioned way, and so they all contentedly announced the resignations of Conkling and Platt just two weeks after the fact.

WHAT HE HADN'T.

A certain rich man possessed of great wealth was wont to be proud of his possessions and to refer to them often, but withal, he was not a man of intellect.

One day he had an old Irishman working for him and he went out to oversee the job. He looked at Pat a minute, hard at work and then said:

"Well, Pat, it's good to be rich, ain't it?"

"Yes, sur," said Pat, who had the wit of his nation.

"I am rich, Pat, very rich."

"Yes, sur."

"I own lands, and houses, and bonds, and stocks, and railroads, and—and—"

"Yes, sur," said Pat, shoveling away.

"And what is it, Pat, that I haven't got?"

"Not a bit of smee, sur, said Pat as he picked up his wheelbarrow, and trundled it off full of dirt; and the rich man went into the house and sat down behind the door.

Jokes of the Last Century.

An old newspaper, printed way back in revolutionary days, contained these witticisms of our daddies, showing that there was an element of fun in life even in the times that tried men's souls:

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know just how to appreciate their value.

There are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of the covering.

While an old farmer of Connecticut was flogging one of his graceless sons, a pumpkin-headed fellow about 18, an idea all of a sudden entered the head of young Jonathan, and he sang out:

"Stop, dad—let's argue."

A young lady who was in the habit of spending much of her time in the society of her neighbors happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband, in great haste, for the physician. The husband ran a few rods—but soon returned, exclaiming: "My dear where shall I find you when I get back?"

A lady at confession, among other heinous crimes, accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsome." "And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so, father." The confessor on this took his penitent out of the confessional into the light, put on his spectacles, and having looked at her attentively, said: "Well, madam, you may use rouge for you are ugly enough even with it."

He Stood the Test For a Free Pass.

A young man of affable manners presented himself at the box office of variety show at Petaluma, and requested a press pass.

"You don't claim to be a journalist, do you?" asked the manager, glancing suspiciously at the good clothes and innocent expression of the applicant.

"Yes I do, though; I'm on the Fleatown Snapper."

"Hum! What is your department?" growled the manager.

"I do the Answers to Correspondents," asserted the youth.

"Do, eh? Let me see; What was the fastest male ever skated backward for money in the United States?"

"That question is always signed Nimrod," said the young man, promptly; and the answer is, Died in Brazil, 1446.

"Correct," said the manager. "When was Cleopatra hung?"

"Trim with deep ruching and bake before a quick fire."

"Did Oliver Cromwell have a blue wart on his chin?"

"Bakes the trick, of course."

"Was Queen Elizabeth bandy-legged, or only banded in one leg? How do you take the inkstains out of marble?"

"Inquire at any hardware store; Patagonia was discovered by Benjamin Franklin in 1193."

"That settles it," said the manager promptly shelling out a private box check; I see you've got 'em all by heart. Pass right in."—San Francisco Post.

Analysis of Boston Women.

How noticeable many of the Boston women are. They are highly cultured, intellectual, abound in theories and opinions, and are very interesting to talk to. And how busy they are, and how full of system. They live by rule; they have an hour and a minute for everything; their haunting dread is lest they lose a minute of valuable time. I like them. They are piquant studies; they repay analysis. They appear to have no sentiment, but they are full of it. The keep it for their husbands. Beneath all of their composure they are intense and fervid, and capable, when sufficiently moved, of volcanic eruptions. When the Boston woman kindles she bursts into a grand conflagration and is dangerous.—The Hour.

THE DEACON'S GAME OF CARDS.

Deacon Sliderback has a pious aversion to cards, which he looks upon as free passes to whatever place may be substituted for the old-fashioned brimstone factory, but he likes to play "authors," and indulges in that mild dissipation in the bosom of his family, when he can't find a good excuse for remaining down town.

Important matters connected with the church and the great scheme of salvation often compel him to stop out late in consultation with the other deacons, and upon these occasions the spiritual condition of the benighted heathen is discussed in the back room of Deacon Magruder's grocery. James Bowers, a worldly young man but a very entertaining and lively companion, takes part in these discussions once in a while, and it must be confessed, sometimes leads the two worthy deacons away from the subject and the strict path of rectitude; but Mr. Bowers is a discreet young man, the little slips never leak out. That is, they didn't leak out until James inveigled them into the sinful game of whiskey poker under false pretenses. James read in a paper that an Elmhurst man had devised a game of whiskey poker to be played with the truly good and harmless author's cards; so he purchased a pack and took them along to the propagation of the true faith among the Esquimaux. Magruder held an argument about the amount of saving grace an Esquimaux could absorb, which was interrupted by James Bowers making some flippant remark about bear's grease, and suggesting a game of authors. The two deacons readily assented, and after playing a while James voted the game dull and unfolded some ideas about making it more interesting. He knew the deacons were wholly ignorant of the national game of draw, and he explained to them the relative value of pairs, two pairs, and so on. The deacons seemed to catch on very readily, and agreed to play for the cider to make the game interesting. James dealt the hands, and explained that the five cards turned down on the table constituted the "widow" hand, and that the man holding the ace had privilege of exchanging his hand for the "widow," or knocking and passing the privilege to the next. Deacon Sliderback held the ace, and being known in the community as the friend of the widows and fatherless, he sustained his reputation by picking up the "widow." Deacon Magruder drew "Evangelism."

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off the bottom of the pack, and never said anything about it?"

"You're a liar!"

"You're another, you dumfounded old mulligaboot."

Then they clinched and fought all over the store, tripped over a gallon of molasses and rolled in it, and then wallowed around in the contents of an upset flour barrel, and when the neighbors came in, Deacon Magruder was sitting on the floor with his back against a potato sack. Deacon Sliderback was doubled up in a bushel basket, with his arms hanging outside, and his legs pointing up toward the salt codfish hanging from the rafters, and both were glaring savagely, and puffing hard for wind. While James Bowers, Esq., was lying on the counter, choking with laughter, after having gathered up the author's cards and scattered a genuine poker deck over the floor.

The deacons have been trying to explain, but the circumstantial evidence is likely to floor them and cause quite a scandal in the church.—[Boston Star.

THE ARCHIMEDEAN LEVER.

The new pump factory of A. Y. McDonald, Dubuque, Iowa, the third largest in the United States, was dedicated by fasting, speeches, and merry-making, participated in by some of Dubuque's best citizens. After supper, Mr. McDonald, who began life as a poor apprentice, addressed his guests. In speaking of the future possibilities of Dubuque he made the following allusion to the value of newspaper assistance:

"I would say in this connection that there is one mighty engine to be used for this end that has in a great measure been neglected by us, namely: 'The press.' A vigorous, energetic, thrifty press is the index of a live thrifty community, and while the press builds up business, we must also recognize that business must also build up the press. Their interests are mutual. The character of a city is known by her newspapers. Let us advertise a little more. Let us show up what we have got. If we have a good thing we must let people know it."

WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

Young writers should rid themselves of the popular notion that an article has only to be written and sent to the editor to have it published and the author made famous. The few practical hints given in the following paragraphs may smooth the obstacles in the path of a young aspirant for literary honors, while they encourage him to walk in the right way.

A first article is pretty sure to be rejected; perhaps the second, third, fourth and maybe more. The reason is not far to seek.

Editors, like the heads of other professions, choose experience. They have never a lack of material to pick from—rather the contrary; and in the interests of the readers of their publications they insert the best.

Then for the aspirant there is the bitterness of delays; an article is accepted; he receives a note from the editor saying that it must be cut down in certain portions.

He readily offers the MS. on any terms. It may afterward be months before it appears in print.

The interval, too, between the sending of the MS. and the receipt of the usual "compliments and thanks" is generally utilized by the author in building air-castles on his supposed success.

He indulges in a pleasant little dream in which he sees the editor poring in rapt admiration over his production and laying it reverently aside for the common possessor.

The reality may be that the MS. is deposited among a score of others all to be returned to their respective owners in some future and convenient opportunity.

First, as regard writing an article, there must be experience, even in the forming of the sentences.

Editors at times take matter written in a very indifferent manner; but it is only where the subject happens to be a novel one, one of great general interest.

A choice of interesting topics and style will only come with practice.

In commencing to seek the favor of editors, let the articles sent be brief, this is important.

See that the production is legibly written, well spelled and grammatical.

It should also be observed that the journal to which the article is forwarded must be one in which a similar style of matter is commonly to be met with.

Above all let the article stand upon its own merits; never trouble the editor with such remarks as that it comes recommended by a friend of that personage.

To say that it is a first attempt will be superfluous; the honorable gentleman at the head of affairs will see that at a glance.

Never go from the editor's head to his heart and plead poverty. The aspirant is on a level with a beggarly letter pleader at once; besides, no editor cares to deal with a contributor who is so wanting in success as to plead poverty.

An editor's judgment may be relied upon, but some will accept what others

refuse; so if an article be returned from one office do not be chary of sending it to another.

Keep constantly writing, have three or four articles in different offices at once—there are publications enough.—Youths' Companion.

NASBY ABROAD.

The Betting Young Man from Chicago From the Toledo Blade.

We had on board, as a matter of course, the betting young man from Chicago. No steamer ever sailed that did not have this young fellow aboard, and there are enough of them to last the Atlantic for a great many years. He knew everything that everybody thinks he knows but does not, and his delight was to propound a query, and then when you half answered it to very coolly and exasperatingly remark:

"Bet yer a bottle of wine ye're wrong."

The matter would be so simple and one of so common a nature that immediately you accepted the wager, only to find that in a minute particular you were wrong, and that the knowing youth had you.

For instance: "Thompson, do you know how many states there are in the Union?"

Now, any citizen of the United States who votes and is eligible to the Presidency ought to know how many States there are in his beloved country without thinking, but how many are there who say off-hand? And so poor Thompson answered:

"What a question! Of course I know."

"Bet yer bottle ye don't."

"Done."

"There are—"

And then Thompson would find himself figuring the very important problem as to whether Colorado had been admitted, and Nevada, and Oregon, and he would decide that one had and the other hadn't and finally state the number, with great certainty that it was wrong.

The Chicago man's crowning bet occurred the last day out. The smoking room was tolerably full, as well as the occupants, and everybody was bored, as everybody is on the last day. The Chicago man had been silent for an hour, when suddenly he broke out:

"Gentlemen—"

"Oh, no more bets," was the exclamation of the entire party. "Give us a rest."

"I don't want to bet, but I can show you something curious."

"Well?"

"I say it and mean it. I can drink a glass of water without its going down my throat."

"And get it into the stomach?"

"Certainly."

There was a silence of considerable more than a minute. Every man in the room had been victimized by this gathering of inconsiderate trifles, and there was a general disposition to get the better of him in some way, if possible. Here was the opportunity. How could a man get a glass of water into his stomach without its going down his throat? Impossible! And so the usual bottle of wine was wagered, and the Chicago man proceeded to accomplish the supposed impossible feat. It was very easily done. All he did was to stand on his head upon the seat that runs around the room and swallow a glass of water.

It went to his stomach but did not go down his throat. And so his last triumph was greater than all his previous ones, for every man in the room had been eager to accept his wager.

From that time out, had he wagered to swallow his own head he would have got no takers.

BRUDDER BENTON'S BLAST.

Look dar, chillun! Look at dem woolly heads hangin' on behind dat kerriage! Don' low yo fader ter catch one ob yo goin' troo de world holdin' on ter anybody's kerriage or coat-tails.

Hangin' behind an jiss wot's splein' de present crop of manhood.

Ye sees 'em hangin' behind in de backer crop 'splein ter be help't out at de end ob de row.

Dey have rich 'lutions, and dey's al